

THE DAILY NEWS.

BY P. M. HALE, PRINTER TO THE STATE.
L. L. POLK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.
RALEIGH, N. C.
SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

OUR CAMPAIGN LEADER.

Capt. OCTAVIUS COKE, the newly elected chairman of the State Executive Committee, was born at Williamsburg, Va., on the 4th of October, 1840. On the first call to arms in 1861 he joined the Thirty-second Regiment of Virginia Troops of PICKETT'S Division, Army of Northern Virginia. He served in this regiment with distinguished gallantry throughout the four years' struggle, and during its continuance was twice badly wounded, once at Sharpsburg and again at Five Forks.

At the close of the war Capt. COKE addressed himself to the study of the law, and having obtained license, settled in the town of Edenton. He became a citizen of North Carolina on the 28th day of August, 1868. That very night he spoke before the Seymour and Blair Club, of which he had been made a member, and his service to Democracy has been continuous.

In 1871 the Democrats of Chowan called on Capt. COKE to lead their forlorn hope as candidate for the convention, and he responded at once to the call. He was defeated, as every one in that hopelessly negro-ridden county knew he would be, but his vote was largely in excess of that cast for the convention. In 1872, as candidate for elector from the first Congressional district, he paved the way for the higher honors which awaited him, for in 1876 he was elected to the State Senate from the first Senatorial district, which had never been carried by a Democrat except on the civil rights issue. Capt. COKE carried this district by three hundred and nineteen majority, and in the very next campaign it returned to its Radicalism. In the Senate of that Legislature, to which was committed the most important work probably ever brought before a body of the kind, the subject of this sketch was first among the leaders. He was of the leaders of the movement for reforming county governments, and by his able and persistent work in the Senate and in caucus he won the undying gratitude of the counties of the black belt. During the session of this Legislature the fight over the electoral count was in progress. The opposition to the resolution instructing the Congressmen from this State to vote for the bill under which the monumental fraud of the century became possible was led by Captain COKE.

Of the magnificent appearance, wonderful voice and magnetic eloquence of Capt. COKE, it is unnecessary to speak. The delegates from all parts of the State who heard him last Thursday night have made these things household words throughout her borders. Nor is it necessary to say that he will fill the position to which he has been called up to the full measure of its requirements. He has always done his duty whenever called on. To him will be due a great part of the majority which will ratify the Democratic ticket at the election in November.

THE ELECTORS.

Gen. JAMES M. LEACH was born in the county of Randolph, just long enough ago to be now in the prime of life. He early entered the arena of politics, identifying himself with the old Whig party. He represented his county in the then House of Commons from 1848 to 1854. During this period Gen. LEACH was a warm advocate of the lending of State aid to North Carolina's great works of internal improvement. In 1858 he was elected to the United States Congress and was re-elected in 1860. On the breaking out of the war General LEACH entered the Confederate army, where he remained until in 1862 his people called him from the field to the cabinet by electing him a member of the Confederate Congress, where he was kept until the close of the war.

At the close of the war, GEN. LEACH returned to his home and addressed himself to the pursuit of his profession. But his services in the past had been too conspicuous to admit of his long retirement from politics. In 1866 he was sent to the State Senate and rendered service worthy of his old time renown in those trying days of reconstruction. In 1870 he was again returned to Congress, and his services there were recognized by a triumphant re-election in 1872.

In the glorious campaign of 1876, GEN. LEACH rendered man-service to the State and to the Democratic party in the same position to which he was called on yesterday. His canvass was remarkable for energy and brilliancy, even in that battle of giants, and he found time even in its midst to aid the struggling patriots of our little sister on the South.

In 1878 General LEACH was again made a member of the State Senate. To his services at the regular session of this body, the settlement of the public debt is a monument, and his record at the special session was worthy of himself. The language of praise could scarce be higher.

FABIAN H. BUSBEE was born on the 4th day of March, 1848, in the city of Raleigh. A scion of a family renowned for brilliant talents, his school-boy days gave token that he had inherited those talents with the blood.

In 1865, before his 17th year had been

completed, he volunteered as a private, joining a regiment from Catawba, to not a single member of which he was known. But such talents as his can never go anywhere unnoticed, and when on the third day after he joined the regiment, an election for officers was had, Mr. BUSBEE was elected Lieutenant, the youngest commissioned officer in the service of the South. Unfortunately, youth had kept him at home until the days of glory were passed, but he stayed in the army until the surrender, faithful unto the end, and always did his full duty.

At the close of the war Mr. BUSBEE returned to the University whence he was graduated in 1863, receiving the highest honors of his class and delivering the valedictory address. This valedictory it was our privilege to hear, and though a round dozen of years have flown since that day, we remember yet the opening and close of the speech and the touching reference it contained to the then recent death of Rev. Dr. JAMES PHILLIPS.

During his senior year at Chapel Hill Mr. BUSBEE had studied law with Judge BATTLE and was licensed by the Supreme Court in the week following his graduation. He at once entered actively on the practice of his profession in which his success was marked and rapid. But it was in the arena of politics that most of his wreaths have been won. He has taken an active part in every campaign since his manhood, and with tongue and pen has rendered efficient aid to his party. His first candidacy was in 1876, when he was nominated by the Fourth District as elector. His brilliant canvass in this campaign caused his nomination for Solicitor of the Second Judicial District. Mr. BUSBEE did not hesitate because the contest seemed hopeless. With his accustomed earnestness he entered into the fight and well nigh gained the victory, even in the face of 10,000 solid negro majority. In this contest he carried his native county of Wake by 600 majority, the largest ever given for any Democrat, but this may have been partly due to the fact that his opponent was a negro. In placing Mr. BUSBEE's name on the ticket the Democratic party did well for the State and for itself.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

Schools we must have, and good schools too; but we can never have good schools till we have good teachers, and good teachers we may not hope to have unless our colleges and schools of high learning are prosperous. All experience has shown that education is a thing that works from above not from below, and colleges are imperative prerequisites to the existence of good private and public schools. This being the case we are gratified to report at the close of the commencement season that all our schools of higher learning, male and female, are in a prosperous condition. But perhaps none of our institutions of learning have made such progress during the past year as Wake Forest College. Not only has a very fine chapel, entitled the "Wingate Memorial Hall," been erected at a cost of about \$12,000, but the attendance of students has increased about one-third during the last term; the catalogue of last year, showing a list of one hundred and seventeen names, while that of this year contains 175, a gain of fifty-four in a single year. The Faculty, too, has been strengthened by two new Professors, Rev. Dr. ROYALL, Professor of Modern Languages, and Mr. W. L. POTEAU, late tutor, Assistant Professor of Physical Science, and the general prospects of the College were never so bright. We believe that it is generally conceded that very much of the increased prosperity of this College is due to the hard work and wise plans of Rev. Dr. PRITCHARD, the President, who has traveled, we learn, nearly ten thousand miles in the interests of the College within a year, and has addressed the people whenever he could get them together on the importance of educating their children. We are gratified too to state, that Dr. PRITCHARD has manifested an exceedingly liberal spirit in behalf of all our schools and has seemed to labor not to promote the interests of the college he represents alone, but has had a good word to say, in public and private for the University, Trinity, Davidson and other institutions, laboring as a citizen and patriot as well as a Baptist, for the cause of sound learning.

Wake Forest College has \$46,000 of invested endowment. The Baptists of the State are abundantly able to add \$100,000 to that meagre sum in the next year, and thus place this useful institution on a basis of greater independence and wider usefulness. We see by Northern exchanges that the Baptists of New York have given \$250,000 to Rochester University within ten months. Half that sum, surely, might be realized by Trinity, Davidson and Wake Forest Colleges, from the Christian churches they so worthily represent, in a year or two.

As public journalists we feel it our duty to call on our public men to address themselves to the work of diffusing a more general, a more active and liberal interest on the subject of education, and to this end, they should labor more wisely and vigorously for the promotion of the prosperity of our higher schools of learning.

THE ONLY ESTIMATE printed in these columns of the votes that would be cast for Gov. JARVIS and Judge FOWLE on the first ballot in the State Convention was made by a correspondent on the 10th inst. Gov. JARVIS was allotted 790 votes; Judge FOWLE 442 votes. The actual result was thus: Judge FOWLE received 453 votes; Gov. JARVIS received 675 votes, and before the Secretaries could add up and announce the vote Harnett, Halifax, Caldwell and Johnston changed their votes, adding 41 to those originally cast for the Governor, and making his vote 716. This was pretty accurate counting; the rather, as a complimentary vote of 108 to Gen. SCALES did not enter into the calculation. The JARVIS part of this vote would have made the Governor's vote just about as estimated.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]

NEW YORK, June 17, 1880.

I have been cheered by the presence of quite a number of friends from home during the past few days. First, Gen. Col. Leventhorpe, the former officer of the English army, who married and settled in the mountain region of our State, and during the war gave his valuable military experience and skill to the service of the State, returned here after nearly two years absence, on a short visit. Next, Mrs. Grant, one of the two daughters of the late Professor Mitchell, who have made the Statesville Female School so popular and successful, came for rest and recreation during the summer vacation. And lastly, Gen. Robert D. Johnston, of Charlotte, accompanied by Mrs. Johnston, her cousin Miss Addie Avery, her brother Mr. Smith Evans, of Charlotte, and cousin Mr. John H. Walker, of Wentworth, all on their way to Europe, for a three month's tour. The four last named are grandchildren of Gov. Morehead. Gen. Johnston, long a Sunday School Teacher and Superintendent, was appointed by the Sunday School Convention at Atlanta a Delegate to the Centennial celebration, in London, of the first establishment of a Sunday School, by Robert Raikes, who little dreamed, it may reasonably be supposed, that he was founding an institution that would be adopted by all denominations of Christians in all countries, under which millions of youth, of all classes and all sects, would be trained for the church. This is one of the most important and interesting of all the numerous centennials which have been celebrated of late, and I am glad that North Carolina will be so well represented at it. This pleasant family party sailed to-day in the Inman Line steamer, City of Montreal. They will have the prayers of many loving hearts for their safe passage and return.

After the above was written, Mr. Ray, of Raleigh, also a delegate to the London Centennial, joined the party, and sailed in the City of Montreal. Mr. Munkook, of Salisbury, another delegate, sailed some days ago.

My latest information from Col. Scales, through Dr. Phillips, is unexpectedly favorable. I am glad to state. "The senior physician of the hospital pronounces his symptoms quite favorable," and he is well enough to send for a cheerful book to read.

In one of my letters to *Hale's Weekly*, some time ago, I mentioned Gov. Miller, (1814 to 1817,) as having pardoned all criminals. I said, Gov. Miller of Duplin county. I should have been Warren county. I confounded him with Stephen Miller, of Duplin, a Senator in the State Legislature both before and after Gov. Miller's term, and if I am not mistaken, Solicitor for his Judicial Circuit. As I remember him, he was of a portly figure, with sandy hair and florid complexion. Gov. Miller was hardly so large, and of different complexion and hair. Both were men of plain good sense, and of high character.

I am favored with the beautiful catalogue of St. Mary's School, Raleigh, with its programme of attractive exercises. Founded thirty-eight years ago, this institution has educated many hundreds of the most accomplished women of the South, some of whom are now mothers and grandmothers of the present generation of its students. Dr. Smedes was accustomed to speak of these last as his children and grandchildren, by virtue of his having educated their mothers and grandmothers. Of the more than one hundred names, representing eight States, nearly all are familiar to me, daughters of old friends, and one, who gained the first distinction, still nearer and dearer. May the blessing of Heaven rest upon them all!

At the Annual Commencement, on Tuesday, Mrs. Reid's celebrated school in this city, two of your Raleigh young ladies, Miss Bessie Grimes and Miss Florence Tucker, passed their examination with great distinction, receiving first honors and prizes in all their studies, among a hundred students, and Miss Grimes delivering an original oration in French in admirable style. Her subject, stated in English, was, "Esther's Prayer." I had not time to attend, but learn that there was a large and fashionable audience, that the rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers, that the entertainment was elegant, and that the Rev. Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's Church, delivered an eloquent address, in the course of which he paid a high compliment to both teachers and students. "Hurrah! The Old North State forever!"

The work of constructing a tunnel under the North river, from this city to Jersey City, has been commenced. The river is about a mile wide, is at some points 20 feet deep, and the tunnel will be about 25 feet below the river bed. It is expected that the work will progress at the rate of 5 feet a day, which would make three years to finish it.

The peril of those "who go down to the sea in ships" has had another illustration in the collision of the two great steamships on the ocean 300 miles from here on Sunday. Fortunately no life was lost, and the ships have got into port, solely because they were built in several compartments, any one or two of which might be filled with water, as they were in this case, and yet the others, from which the water was excluded, would be sufficient to sustain them afloat. Why not build all vessels thus, whether steamers or sailing-ships, on rivers or at sea? One appalling danger would thus be averted.

President Zachary Taylor is said to have confounded a young man who offered him a bottle of cholera medicine, by saying: "I thank you, but I never take medi-

cine, cholera or no cholera." In less than ten days after this he died of cholera, caused by his own imprudence in eating freely of cherries and washing them down with iced water and iced milk. The story is hardly credible, for Gen. Taylor was a man of too much practical common sense to have acted upon such a principle. If it were that he never took patent medicines, it might be true, for very many people have a strong prejudice against them, and generally with too much reason. But very many patent medicines even are too valuable to be denounced. The trouble is to know which and when to take them.

The Chicago Tribune calls upon Gen. Logan to resign his seat in the United States Senate to allow the Governor to fill it by appointing Gen. Grant, who, the Tribune says, is in the prime of life, out of employment, and not rich. Logan, it says, can go into Garfield's cabinet, or be elected to the House of Representatives. As to Garfield's cabinet, the Democrats will have something to say. Logan will do well not to count upon that. But Grant in the Senate instead of Logan would be an improvement.

The cat nuisance gives rise to some queer decisions here. A lady was arrested for killing a cat by beating it with a broom handle—the weapon which women are said to employ upon their husbands. She admitted the fact, pleading that the cat had spoiled her flower garden, whereupon Justice Wandell said, "Cats are God's creatures and must be protected. I used to be bothered with them, but now I have a dog who kills and buries them. Everybody can't have a good cat-dog, but I think Mrs. Doebele was needlessly cruel. One hundred dollars for trial." This Justice Shallow will next bind over the boy who is guilty of putting a worm upon his fish-hook, or of hurting the fish's gills in catching it. Are they not all "God's creatures"? But how can the Justice himself escape after admitting that he keeps a dog expressly to kill these "God's creatures"? He reminds me of the lady who wept over some tale of fiction but made her cock hang up the turkey by the heels and puncture its neck that it might slowly bleed to death and thus leave its flesh white.

The love of the Radicals for the negroes is shown by the following incident: "Several colored men sent a declaration to the Brooklyn Republican General Committee last night, that while they approved the Chicago nominations they would act independently on local nominations unless they were given proper patronage." Ex-Sheriff Daggett remarked that he did not believe in "strikers" of any kind, and the paper was ordered to be returned to the signers." To claim a due share of the spoils as a reward for voting is the unpardonable sin of the negro, in this section. H.

Salem Female Academy.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]

SALEM, N. C., June 17.

EDITOR NEWS:—Yesterday evening, after a refreshing rain had cooled the heated air and rendered all things congenial, a large audience assembled in the well-lighted handsomely decorated Academy chapel. The programme was well selected, consisting of numerous vocal and instrumental pieces, well adapted and splendidly rendered, making this, in the opinion of all, the best concert ever given here.

Want of time prevents us from giving particulars. Every student did well.

A trio of ladies, Misses Mickey, Fries and Patterson elicited great applause. They sang a waltz of song belongs, all confessed, to Miss Fannie Glenn, of Winston, and Miss Rosa Mickey, of Salem, both being splendid vocalists; Miss G. having the sweeter natural voice, Miss M.'s being the better perhaps cultivated. Misses Raine and Best won the greatest applause in instrumental.

The usual good order was a little disturbed by a crowd of unappreciative young men occupying back seats, talking and putting their feet on the clothes of those sitting in front. One gentleman offered a party a quarter of a dollar to take his feet down, and he wanted to fight on it.

Thursday morning was quite cool and pleasant, and at 9 o'clock the commencement exercises began, opened by a grand duet, followed by reading of scripture and prayer.

The Salutatory well written and well read, by Miss Davis, of Georgia, we believe, was next in order. Then a Solo by Miss Glenn with organ and piano accompaniment electrified the audience.

Essays—Our native Land, by Miss Smith, and Woman's Work by Miss Winkler, followed, both being well received, the latter receiving much applause. After this a grand duet made way for an essay. The Taste for the Beautiful by Miss Vest, and Cooking by Miss Paine, both eliciting loud applause and the latter being repeatedly cheered.

The Annual Address was then delivered by President Battle, of the University which was replete with good sense and practical information.

The presentation of Diplomas by Rev. E. Rondthaler was well done.

The Fete Militaire, performed by Prof. D'Anna, was superb.

Valedictory by Miss Bobbitt, was very appropriate.

The last Rose of Summer, sung by Miss Glenn accompanied by Prof. D'Anna on piano, was splendidly rendered and brought the exercises to the doxology and benediction, which closed one of the most successful commencements of this institution which is in a very prosperous condition.

A few evenings since the annual meeting of one of the leading literary societies of Detroit was held at the residence of the President of the organization. The evening was occupied by the transaction of a few business trifles, followed by music, recitations and other social enjoyments, after which came dinner, and among those seated about the table was a jolly little flaxen-haired four-year-old son of the President. While at the table the toast, "Our President," brought from that dignitary a sparkling, witty and most enjoyable response, which ended with shouts of hearty laughter. At this the youngster felt called upon to do something fine in the way of extempore speaking, and standing aloft in his high chair, announced: "I would tell you something, too, but I couldn't make you laugh like papa did, 'cos papa he said 'em' something to mamma 's morning at breakfast,' and she laughed just like you laughed just now."

Davidson College.

[From the Charlotte Observer, 18th.]

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, June 16.—Today broke cloudily, but a great change for the better has come over the weather. Quite cool and cloudy, the air is refreshing and it is hoped the exhausting heat is over. The number of visitors is largely increased, the trains rolling in from Statesville and Charlotte adding greatly to the crowd in attendance. The streets present a gay appearance. The band has made itself heard, and the wood rings with its inspiring sounds. Last night, sweet serenades were given by the young men of the college. And to-day gallant gentlemen in broadcloth of regulation length and silk hats of regulation height promenade here and there.

We learn that the board of trustees re-elected as its president Rev. Luther McKinnon, of Concord. Rev. J. B. Alder, D. D., of South Carolina, was elected vice-president, S. H. Wiley, Esq., treasurer, and Rev. J. Rumpel, secretary. Arrangements were made for the conduct of the preparatory class, under the guidance of the professors of Greek, Latin and Mathematics, with the aid of Charles McGuffie Hopburn as assistant. Professor Latimer is absent for a few months perfecting himself in special departments at the University of Leipzig, but returns before the beginning of the second term, in December. Meantime the duties of his chair will be filled by special provision.

At 10 the procession formed in front of the old chapel, and proceeded to the immense hall in the new building. The room was delightfully cool, and the audience listened in great physical comfort as well as intellectual delight. The orator before the societies was the Rev. Wm. E. Boggs, D. D., of Atlanta, Ga. He is an exceedingly graceful and forcible platform speaker. And though his address was more than two hours long, full of solid reasoning and earnest thought, he held his audience deeply attentive throughout.

The Alumni association met at 3 1/2 p. m., and the oration was delivered by the Rev. Wm. S. Lacy, of Jonesboro, N. C. The address was chaste, elegant and simple in its diction, with sufficient sparkle of wit and flowers of thought to make it entertaining and enjoyable.

After the delivery of the address, the association elected the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing year: President, Frank H. Fries, of Salem, N. C.; Vice-Presidents, Anthony White, Sr., of South Carolina; Judge James Baker, of Florida; Recording Secretary, C. McG. Hopburn, of Davidson College; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Wm. S. Lacy, of Jonesboro, N. C.; Treasurer, Rev. Dr. W. A. Wood, of Statesville.

Col. John L. Brown, of Charlotte, was elected trustee, vice Col. B. F. Little, deceased.

Hon. D. G. Fowle, of Raleigh, was re-elected for four years, and Rev. J. B. Mack, D. D., of Columbia, was also chosen trustee.

W. H. Stewart, of Fort Mill, S. C., was chosen as the next annual orator.

F. H. Fries, president, of North Carolina, Anthony White, of South Carolina, Malcolm McCoy, of Georgia, F. P. Ramsay, of Florida, and W. S. Lacy, of North Carolina, were constituted an executive committee with the request to solicit from all the members contributions for the endowment of an Alumni professorship in the college. A very encouraging start was made in procuring subscriptions for a professorship, many of the members present responding very liberally.

SOCIETY REPRESENTATIVES.

Wednesday evening the chapel was well filled, that is three-fourths full, an audience of nearly a thousand waiting for the refreshing eloquence of the speakers.

After prayer by Rev. L. McKinnon, the president introduced as the first speaker Mr. T. B. Fraser, Jr., of Sumter, S. C., whose subject was "The Indian Question."

The next orator was Mr. J. T. Roberts, of King's Mountain, N. C., who spoke of the "Battle of Lepseic."

Mr. Nisbet of Waxhaw, S. C., spoke of the "Inventions of the XXth Century."

"The Rise of the Swiss Confederacy" was next considered by Mr. J. L. Scott, Jr., of Graham, N. C., with decided animation.

Mr. J. S. Brockinton, of Kingstree, S. C., spoke of "The Power of Example."

The last speaker was Mr. H. W. Beall, of Lenoir, N. C., who discussed with real vigor and elegant rhetoric the career and success of that remarkable English statesman, Gladstone.

A very interesting part of the exercises now took place, which was the awarding of the medals given by the societies for distinguished excellence in oratory, declamation and debate. Rev. J. Lowrie Wilson, of South Carolina, was chosen for the delicate and difficult service. The following were greeted with rapturous applause.

From the Eumecene Society.—Debater's Medal.—T. H. DeGraffenried, of South Carolina. Orator's Medal.—John S. Brockinton, of South Carolina. Declaimer's Medal.—H. Briggs, of South Carolina.

From the Philanthropic Society.—Debater's Medal.—D. Harvey Hill, Jr., of North Carolina. Essayist's Medal.—H. W. Beall, of North Carolina. Declaimer's Medal.—C. C. Bellamy, of North Carolina.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Commencement day was all that could be desired. The chill and dampness of yesterday have given way to a clear, rare sunlight, while still it is charmingly cool and delicious. The roads were thronged by incoming visitors. The trains were crowded by those eager and anxious to attend the exercises. A very large and imposing assemblage crowded the immense hall. It was an inspiring scene. And the band enlivened the occasion with sweet strains. At 10 o'clock the procession was duly formed, and marched in solemn and gay pomp to the chapel. The crowd in attendance was simply immense.

Rev. Dr. James B. Adger offered an appropriate and impressive prayer, the whole, vast assembly standing reverently during the invocation. Rev. Dr. Hopburn introduced the first speaker, Mr. P. M. Brown, of Charlotte, N. C., who gracefully welcomed the audience in a very pleasant salutatory, spoken in good English, and then briefly discussed the importance of the "College as compared with the University."

Mr. A. Walker White, of Concord, N. C., followed with an earnest consideration

of the "Patriot and the Demagogue"—a good, manly speech.

The subject of "Modern Socialism" was discussed by Mr. Thomas G. Hardie, of New Orleans, La., and though the speech was short, it was admirable, sensible and impressive.

The next speaker on the programme was Mr. D. Harvey Hill, Jr., of Charlotte, who, on account of more important professional engagements, was excused with applause.

Mr. T. H. DeGraffenried, of Chester, S. C., presented with marked ability "The Education of the American Citizen."

The next speaker, Mr. N. B. Zernow, of Charleston, S. C., treated quietly and with good sense the theme, "Learn to Labor and to Wait."

Mr. James Horah, of Salisbury, N. C., even more youthful in appearance, discussed "The Party and the Term System" with vivacity and decided vigor.

"The Farmer" was presented in earnest advocacy by Mr. J. McKinnon, of Monticello, Fla., and the speech was full of good things, like a farmer's house.

Mr. T. W. Brown, of Memphis, Tenn., whose subject was "Culture," was excused at his own request.

Mr. C. R. Harding, of Charlotte, chose "King Lear" for his subject. His manner was exceedingly graceful and natural, and his declamation decidedly good. The rhetoric of his speech was elegant and beautiful.

The subject of "Nihilism" was presented in a speech of more than usual ability and power by Mr. W. B. Jennings, of Bennettsville, S. C.

The philosophical oration was delivered by Mr. J. A. Gilmer, of Greensboro, N. C., who selected for his theme "Admiral Coligny," speaking earnestly and effectively.

Then followed what is perhaps the most interesting part of the exercises to the multitude gathered as well as to the students of the college. This was the awarding of the several prizes awarded to special excellence in scholarship and oratory.

The Rockwell prize in Latin was awarded to Egbert Watson Smith of Greensboro. The special examinations of the contestants for this prize were forwarded for decision to Prof. Peters of the University of Virginia. Those in Greek were judged of by Prof. Humphreys of Vanderbilt University. The exercises in the contest for Mathematics were passed on by Prof. Rockwood in Princeton College. The Holt medal in Greek was adjudged by the referee to John P. Monroe, of Cumberland county, N. C. The Wiley medal in mathematics was awarded to Atwell Campbell McIntosh, of Taylorsville, N. C. And in a few pleasant remarks by Rev. D. E. Jordan, chairman of committee to award the medal in oratory, setting forth the reasons great and slight affecting the decision of the committee. The Fowle prize in oratory was awarded to H. W. Beall, of Lenoir, N. C. As each successful contestant's name was announced the applause rose and swelled and died away.

Judge A. A. McCoy, of Sampson county, awarded the several prizes with appropriate remarks. As the Judge spoke chiefly to the winners of the prizes and to those on the platform your reporter did not hear. We doubt not what he said was good, as what he does is likewise.

The president then announced the degrees, and the members of the graduating class came forward and received their diplomas, twelve receiving the degree of A. B. and one of B. S., as follows: The degree of A. B. on the following:

P. M. Brown, Charlotte, N. C.
T. W. Brown, Memphis, Tenn.
J. A. Gilmer, Greensboro, N. C.
T. I. Hardie, New Orleans, La.
C. R. Harding, Charlotte, N. C.
D. H. Hill, Jr., " "

James Horah, Salisbury, N. C.
W. B. Jennings, Bennettsville, S. C.
J. F. McKinnon, Monticello, Fla.
J. P. Paisley, McLeansville, N. C.
A. W. White, Concord, N. C.
H. B. Zernow, Charleston, S. C.

And the degree of B. S. on T. H. DeGraffenried, Chester, S. C.

Mr. J. P. Paisley then pronounced the valedictory oration after discussing in an animated and earnest manner. "The Responsibility of Educated Men." His speech was full of sense and delivered with earnestness, and his farewells were uttered simply, sincerely and with appropriate feeling.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. B. F. Marable, of South Carolina. And the commencement of 1880 was over.

DURHAM NOTES.

DURHAM, June 18, 1880.—A large number of our citizens were off yesterday to attend the convention, which gave our town a quiet appearance.

Mr. A. M. Rigbee, of the firm of A. M. Rigbee & Co., has begun the foundation of his brick stores on the lot of the recent fire, corner of Clay and Mangum streets, opposite Parrish & Blackwell's brick warehouse, and will extend it through to Main street, covering the site where the store, known as M. A. Angier's corner, is now standing. The building, when completed, will be 49 feet wide and 180 feet long, four stories high. The lower floor will be cut into seven stores, the second floor into offices, and the third and fourth stories will be used for a hall and gallery. Mr. Rigbee is a thorough going man and will no doubt have the work completed in a few weeks, which will add much to the business-like appearance of our place. Mrs. J. R. Day is also erecting a handsome building opposite her residence.

Owing to the recent rains we notice a good quantity of the weed will be on the market to-day, which, we learn, is bringing good prices.

WAIFS.

A husband overtook his eloping wife at Harvard, Neb., and aimed his pistol at her, instead of attempting to wreak vengeance upon her companion. The bullet missed her, but she carried out his design herself by swallowing poison, declaring that she did not desire to live if he wished her dead.

Moses Box deserted the girl whom he had long courted, at New Albany, Ind., and married another. The bride's parents had lately died. The deserted girl declared that Box had murdered them, because they opposed his suit, and she set about collecting evidence against him. Though unaided in her detective work, at first, she had made out a case strong enough to justify the indictment.

A Prediction.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]

What the Democracy want is a strong and unexceptionable candidate. We all have our personal preferences. But they must follow the good old Democratic rule and give way for the success of our party. In it men are nothing, principles everything. Let us beat the enemy.

There is a very quiet, unpretending gentleman, well known throughout New York and Ohio, respected by all for his worth and ability, who would be a most acceptable and available candidate. He is a native of Maryland, and has been a member of Congress from Ohio and prominent in its politics and railroad management. He is more of a business man than a politician. For years past he has been a citizen of New York. His high personal character and great administrative ability pointed him out and he was selected as Receiver to purge the Auguzan stables of that great corporation, the Erie Railroad. Subsequently he was elected the President. His management is part of the railroad history of the country. He is a representative man of the business interests of the country, and capital will have confidence in and back him should he be nominated (which I predict he will be). He is in the prime of life, firm and resolute, and has no political enemies. The great railroad interests of the country would back him, and so would the business men throughout the Union. Mark our prediction that when it is seen at Cincinnati that none of the prominent politicians can be nominated, that the Democracy will take up the man identified with our business and commercial interests, who is available and unexceptionable, and that man will be the Hon. Hugh J. Jewett, of New York. With him as our candidate, and the Hon. David Davis, of Illinois, late a judge of the United States Supreme Court, and Senator from that State, who is identified with the labor movement throughout the United States, for Vice-President, we would have a good and strong ticket.

SUCCESS.

That Was Too Much.

THE DAILY NEWS.

RALEIGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

To Our City Subscribers.

Mr. T. L. BRACHMAN has been placed in charge of the subscription list and delivery of the papers in Raleigh, and will attend to canvassing and collecting for the same. Every subscriber will have the paper delivered before 7 o'clock each morning.

The Weather Yesterday.

Taken from W. H. & R. S. TUCKER'S registered thermometer, Friday, June 18, 1880: 6 o'clock, a. m., 68; 3 o'clock, p. m., 82; 9 o'clock, p. m., 75.

The Weather To-Day.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18.—The indications for the South Atlantic States are as follows: Clear or partly cloudy weather, winds mostly north-easterly, and stationary or higher temperature and stationary barometer.

Index to New Advertisements.

W. W. Freeman, Proprietor—The Morehead City Hotel.
Miss Sarah N. R. Randolph—Patience Institute.
Pescud, Lee & Co.—Neuralgine.
Dr. Sanford—Liver Invigorator.
Wm. Simpson—Neuralgine.

CITY AND COUNTY ITEMS.

Mr. H. M. Worth paid the Penitentiary employees \$1,500 yesterday.

We regret to learn of the serious illness of Mr. W. H. Norris, of this county.

Mr. Anderson Glenn, a worthy mechanic, died in this city yesterday of inflammation of the bowels.

A small scrimmage begun Thursday night, liquor and politics, ended yesterday in the Mayor's office and costs.

Government bonds rose yesterday when the tidings were received that the internal revenue receipts at this point were \$26,966.

B. F. D. Fitch, of Louisville, Ky., general agent for the Chemical Fire Engine Manufacturing Company, is in the city stopping with Dr. Hogg.

We regret to learn that Capt. G. M. Whitesides, formerly Senator from Rutherford county, is so sick with abdominal dropsy that his life is despaired of.

Our old friend Joe Wood is the first farmer in Halifax to report a cotton bloom which came to us in a letter from our other good friend W. B. Whitehead.

A prisoner named Williams jumped off the train between Durham and Hillsboro some time last week. Yesterday he was caught in Raleigh and sent back to his old quarters.

Sheriff J. H. Patterson, of Pender county, brought George Harrison, John M. Wentworth, Moses Tate, and Joseph Campbell to the Penitentiary yesterday. All of the delegates named are colored and all came up for larceny.

Misses Florence P. Tucker and Bessie Grimes returned home Thursday night and we see from our New York letter that they have just graduated with first distinction from Mrs. Reed's school in that city.

Yesterday Dan Warren and Lizzie his wife were before Justice Barbee on a peace warrant sworn out by the mother of Daniel. Lizzie Warren was also charged with assault and battery in throwing a brick at her mother-in-law. The cases were continued until Monday.

The delegates to the Democratic State Convention have nearly all returned home and we trust carried with them as pleasant recollections of Raleigh as the City of Oaks preserves of them. A more orderly, intelligent and good looking set of men were never gathered together than those which met in Capitol Square Thursday morning.

SUPREME COURT.—Court met at 10 o'clock yesterday, all the Justices present. The argument in the case of William Grant, administrator, vs. S. E. Burgwyn et al., from Northampton, consumed the day. Willis Bagley and Mullen & Moore represented the plaintiff, and W. C. Bowen and T. N. Hill the defendant.

THE STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—This body met in the Senate Chamber yesterday at 10 a. m., and was called to order by Maj. John W. Graham. S. J. Pemberton was requested to act as Secretary.

The following named gentlemen were present: R. W. Wharton, J. E. Moore, J. P. Whedbee, A. J. Galloway, B. B. Peebles, H. R. Bryan, Benjamin Askew, Appleton Oaksmith, H. B. Short, Jr., D. H. McLean, W. H. Yarbrough, J. M. Moring, James S. Battle, A. E. Henderson, W. J. Yates, J. G. Hall, S. J. Pemberton, G. A. Bingham, R. M. Furman, A. M. Erwin, B. F. Logan and K. Elias. On motion the number of the Central Executive Committee was increased to nine members.

Capt. R. B. Peebles moved that the present committee be continued in office, and that the names of C. M. Busbee and R. T. Gray be added thereto.

After considerable discussion the motion was withdrawn.

Mr. Furman moved to proceed to the election of a central committee of nine.

Mr. Peebles renewed his motion to appoint the old committee with the names of R. T. Gray and C. M. Busbee.

Mr. Pemberton nominated Paul P. Means of Cabarrus.

D. H. McLean nominated Sheriff J. A. Green, of Harnett county.

J. P. Whedbee nominated Oct. Coke. R. M. Furman nominated T. P. Devereux, W. J. Weir and Jno. Gatliff.

The vote resulted: S. A. Ashe, 15; R. H. Battle, 18; G. H. Snow, 15; D. D. Stephenson, 17; J. J. Litchford, 15; P. B. Means, 13; J. A. Green, 15; Oct. Coke, 16.

Messrs. W. H. Pace, A. J. Galloway, Walter Clark, William, Graham, Faison, Gatliff, Gray, Weir, Devereux, Furman, Day and Fuller also received votes. The gentlemen whose votes are reported in full were elected.

A. M. Erwin nominated Oct. Coke for chairman.

A. J. Galloway nominated S. A. Ashe for chairman.

Capt. Coke was elected by a vote of 19 to 6.

Col. W. H. H. Cowles made a report from the committee on Resolutions of the Convention which was on motion referred to the Central Executive Committee.

On motion the committee adjourned.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The Association met in the House of Representatives at 10 a. m. on Friday, June 18th. Devotional exercises of twenty minutes, conducted by Rev. E. W. Watkins. Thos. M. Pittman, President of the last Convention called the Convention to order for permanent organization.

The Chairman of the Nominating Committee presented the following nominations: For President, W. S. Primrose, Raleigh; Vice-Presidents, W. K. Eldridge, Greensboro, and Dr. R. C. Davis, of Charlotte; Secretary, R. M. Davis, of Salisbury. The report of the Committee was adopted and the nominees elected by acclamation. The President elect took the chair and thanked the Convention for the honor conferred upon him in an appropriate manner, asking their assistance and indulgence.

The Secretary called the roll of delegates and received thirty-three answers.

The Business Committee made a report. D. H. Milton was appointed Assistant Secretary.

The President appointed as Committee on Leave of Absence W. K. Eldridge, T. J. Daily and Thomas P. Johnston.

The following topics were discussed: Nos. 3 and 2, "Interesting Christians" and "Work Among Boys," opened by Rev. J. K. Howell and W. S. Primrose.

The following committees were appointed: On Devotional Exercises—J. Armstrong, T. J. Daily, G. W. Whitlock, W. B. Phillips, G. E. Morris and A. M. McPheters.

Business Committee—C. D. Yates, A. Arrington, J. A. Robinson, J. B. Vaughn, S. D. Wait and T. M. Pittman.

The Business Committee reported on hours of meeting. 10 a. m. to 12 p. m. 3 to 5 p. m. 8:30 to 9:45 p. m.

The 8th and 12th topics were opened by E. W. Watkins and Dr. R. C. Davis, followed by other delegates. Devotional exercises conducted by Dr. R. C. Davis and A. Arrington.

Reports of committees were made and the topic "Work Among Criminals" was taken up, opened by A. M. McPheters. The entire evening session after devotional exercises was taken up in the discussion of this topic by numerous delegates, together with Messrs. A. D. Taylor, S. W. Whiting, Rev. Mr. Reinhardt and E. R. Stamps.

The discussion upon this topic developed much interest.

The convention adjourned until 10 a. m. to-morrow. Closed with prayer.

R. M. DAVIS, Secretary.

What North Carolinians are Doing.

GLEANINGS FROM STATE EXCHANGES.

In making his census rounds, says the *Goldboro Messenger*, Mr. Bryan Cobb found an old darkey near this town, Sambo Korngene, 105 years old, and no mistake about it. A genuine African.

The *Charlotte Democrat* quotes flour at \$3 to \$3.50; corn 65 to 70; meal 65 to 70; bacon 71 to 82; beef 5; beeswax 20; butter 22; chickens 8 to 25; eggs 12 to 15; corn whisky \$1.20; apple brandy \$1.50.

The *Kinston Journal* says that the Lenoir wheat crop just harvested is inferior, though not quite as poor as was expected several weeks ago. The corn and cotton crops are extra good. The weather has been just dry enough to enable the farmers to keep down the grass easily. The *Goldboro Messenger* says that in that section the crops, that is cotton and corn, look exceedingly promising.

The cotton crop is fully two weeks earlier this season than is generally the case.

On Tuesday last, says the *Greensboro Patriot*, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a violent storm of rain and wind passed over the north-eastern part of Guilford county, doing much damage. Mr. Alex. Coble, who lives about four and a half miles north-east of the city, had the roof of his barn and the shed attached thereto blown off and to a distance of thirty yards. Hundreds of large sound trees measuring two feet in diameter, were torn up by the roots and broken in pieces like pipe stems. The fences in the neighborhood were blown down, and the wheat, which had been recently cut and shocked, was scattered to the four winds of the earth. The storm of wind appeared to be in the form of a cyclone.

The *Danbury Reporter* says that "the past three weeks have been the closest on our farmers of anything this season. Some have not stopped for Sunday—and that is wrong—so intent on getting all their work done up in season. A majority of our farmers have planted a fair crop of tobacco, but nothing like they had hoped would be the result; wheat is being cut and reported good; corn is the best ever known for the time of year. By perseverance throughout the season our farmers will show one of the best crops generally ever produced, seems to be the prevailing opinion." The *Salem Press* says that "most of the wheat has been cut, and we learn that it will be short in some localities, while a good average crop is reported in others. The probability is that the crop will not be as good as last year, though it may yet turn out an average crop."

An Arkansas Romance.

A very singular termination to a love affair has just occurred near this city. Sometime ago a young man, whom it would no doubt be well to call James, fell in love, or thought he did, with a young lady whom it would be well to call Susan. Practical names, both of them. The fondness of James was returned. James told Susan that he loved her, and Susan told James that she loved him. James asked Susan to marry him, and Susan said that she would. The young man had spent sleepless nights in contemplating the prize he was attempting to win, but when he found that the pole of his attractions had knocked the "persuasion" of Susan's affection he ceased tossing the coverlet and slept soundly. Finally he mused: "I don't love that girl. I wish that I had not acted so rashly in engaging myself to her. It would almost break her heart if I her. It would tell her of my mistake. She is so affectionate. What a fool a man is!" Susan did not pass all this time without musing: "Women are so impulsive," she thought. "I am engaged to that man, and I declare that I do love him. I would break the engagement, but he might kill himself. I don't know what to do." The parties continued to know what to do.

to be affectionate toward each other, and the same grave troubles affected alike the

mind of each. Several nights ago the affectionate party sat beside each other. "Susan," remarked James, "do you think that a man should marry a woman when he doesn't love her, merely to preserve his honor?"

"No; do you?"

"I don't think that he should. By the way, Sue, I think that it would be better for us not to get married. I have been mistaken; I don't love you. I hope that you will forgive me. Have I wronged you?"

"Glorious man," said the girl. "You have lifted a heavy weight from my heart. I do not love you, and the fear of fatal results has kept me from breaking our engagement."

"Is that so?" asked James, astonished. "I speak truthfully."

"Well, I will be dogged. I thought that you cared for me."

"And I that you cared for me."

"I'll be blithered if this affair hasn't got away with me. Say, Sue!"

"Yes."

"Now let's look at this business a little closer. We are both very frank. I think that frank people make the best of husbands and wives. We understand each other first-rate. Tell me, don't you—that is, don't you entertain something of an affection for me?"

"Y—yes. Don't you for me?"

"Yes. Suppose, as we understand each other so well, that we get married."

"All right," and the ceremony was performed in a country church last Sunday.

The Passion Play.

A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE SPECTACLE AS IT WAS PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS YEAR ON WHIT-MONDAY.

[Special Correspondence of the Evening Post.] OBERAMMERGAU, Bavaria, May 18, '80.

Yesterday (Monday) saw the beginning of the Passion Play. Throughout the day before (Whit-Sunday) hundreds and thousands of people had flocked to the village, most of them *bauers*, who had tramped for days, like Moslems toward Mecca, from the most distant parts of the kingdom. The road from Oberammergau to Ettal swarmed with pilgrims until far into the night, men and women walking barefoot and carrying their shoes in their hands; others were on crutches dragging themselves to the shrine of the Eternal Virgin. Midway, before the "Christ of the Grotto"—a wooden image in an overhanging chasm—the pilgrim bows and says a prayer. Upon the roadway bands of penitents are marching. The men in their broiled breeches and great silver-buttoned vests uncovered, the costumed women with white kerchiefs on their heads, chant from one side of the road to the other their aves while they count their beads. And having seen the Holy Virgin, and with kissed finger touched her face, they wander back to Oberammergau to see the play. Throughout the afternoon long lines of them crowd about the ticket office. There are fully one thousand more people in town than the theatre can hold, so that a second performance is announced for Tuesday, and they must during the coming night sleep in hay lofts and on kitchen floors.

At 4 o'clock next morning a band of music is playing through the streets; at 6 high mass is said in the village church, and the theatre is already filling. At 8 o'clock three signal guns are fired, all noise is ceased in the theatre, and from beneath the people's heads, as in the Bayreuth theatre, the strains of the orchestral overture are heard. Now enter from either side of the broad proscenium two files of genii, men and women clad in white robes and colored tunics, gold-bordered and falling from the shoulders. Stretching in a long line across the stage, the central genii, the Chorus, forecasts the tale of sin, death and redemption on which we are to look. At its centre the life breaks. Wheeling backward the chorus stations itself on either side of the inner scene, whose curtain rising discloses a beautiful tableau of Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise. Clad in sheepskins they cover beneath the flaming sword of the angel, as in Angelo's fresco at the Vatican, and the genii sing to us how Paradise was lost. The curtain falls, the prologue is continued, the chorus falls back again, and in the second tableau there is a central cross and forum at prayer about it. The fair-haired little children we have seen playing in the streets are kneeling down and as motionless as stone, and the choir interprets it as Paradise regained.

The two tableaux are typical of all that is to follow of the struggle in the world between good and evil, the story ending in one case in the miserable suicide of Judas, in the other in the death of Christ.

Here the drama begins. The play is divided into three parts—the first, occupying the forenoon, is the history of Christ from the time of his entry into Jerusalem until he goes to the Mount of Olives; the second and third, occupying the afternoon, represent the passion and crucifixion of the Saviour. These three divisions are again divided into seventeen acts, consisting, each one, of an interpretation by the choir, a tableau vivant taken from the Old Testament, and an action, or scene, presented from Christ's life. The tableau is a parallel to the acted scene, and is regarded as a strict antitype or *correspondence* to it.

This order is not always kept. Sometimes two antitypes are given in the same act, at others there is none given at all, as in the first act representing Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Within the scene as the drop scene lifts we see the streets of Jerusalem, and filing across the stage a great multitude of people. The curtain falls, and for a moment they are out of sight, but soon reappear in the side streets of the proscenium. Among them is Christ seated upon an ass. He comes toward us, and the multitude follow and precede, throwing branches in his path, prostrating themselves before the holy man, and singing as they go. "Hail! hail to Thee, O Son of David!"

The bright sun is streaming on them all, and their vari-colored costumes interlace like the colors of a kaleidoscope.

The Christ among them is a striking figure. He is tall and dark, and has small brown eyes deeply shaded by a heavy forehead. His hair is long and almost black, and from a middle parting falls upon his shoulders. His face is mild but not inexpressive, and reminds one of Bartolomeo's Christ in the Veronese gallery. His voice at times is piteously

tender, his carriage always dignified and manly. Alighting, his eyes fall upon the money-changers. Nearing them he speaks the well-known words, and in indignation overturns their tables and drives them forth from the house of God. The priests of the temple, at first astounded, become jealous of an authority whose wisdom they cannot question.

In a refrain that passes from the mouth of one genii to another we learn how Jacob's children conspired against their brother, the children of Jerusalem against the Nazarene. The tableau pictures the pit into which one of Joseph's brothers is looking while the others are grouped in thoughtful attitudes about. A change of scene shows the Sanhedrin. Annas and Caiaphas, high priests of the temple, preside. Gorgeously clad in purple and gold and mitred with a tiara crescent-shaped, they are seated on a central throne. Fearing the power of the audacious Nazarene, their debate waxing warm until a fanatical rabbi calls for the death of this one man that the nation perish not. They call for Christ and appear before their authority, and the money-changers are eagerly sought for to give evidence against him.

In the third scene there are two tableaux. One is the young Tobias leaving his parents; the other the loving bride of Solomon's Song, waiting news of her bridegroom. The elder Tobias stands on his cottage doorstep leaning forth to take a last embrace of his little son, whom, looking backward, the angel Raphael guides toward the Midian land. Near him are his sorrowing mother and his friends; the chorus sings: "Alas, it comes, the hour of grief, and deep sighs the wound. O Mary, mother in thy heart, leavest thou thy son to bear his cross alone!" And to the second tableau a sweet voice sings:

"Where is my love departed?
The fairest of the fair,
Mine eyes gush out with burning tears
Of love and grief and care."

"Soon to thy side he comes again,
For whom thy soul doth yearn;
No cloud shall ever shadow more
The joy of his return."

The corresponding action is the scene of Christ's parting from Bethany and from his mother, and his journey to Jerusalem. Pacing at the house of Simon, the Magdalen anoints the feet of Jesus, while Judas, a short, nervous man with a bushy gray beard and greedy little eyes, is clad in a robe of yellow with an orange tunic, which suggests his avarice, and but for the mediocrity of Mary the first contrast between devotion to God and to Mammon would have been strongly portrayed for Judas, snarling under the rebuke of Christ, enters his studied part with the rest of an accomplished actor. He is thoughtful and meditative, and from the ranks of the disciples his spirit, weakened in his devotional philosophy, is turning back again into its former paths. And now the Man of Sorrows weaves his way over the slope of Olivet toward the domed city. In the distance are the domes of Jerusalem, toward which he looks sorrowfully. Amid tears he predicts her destruction. Peter and John, who have walked lovingly at his side, he blesses, and they go before to prepare the feast of the Passover, but Judas lags behind, brooding over the rebuke.

At a favorable moment the money-traders meet him, and by ingenious insinuations about his empty wallet show the more profitable nature of their trade. A suggestion comes to him, and the brooding spirit hesitates for a moment; he clutches his empty money-bag, starts with fear lest some one should have divined the thought that threw the blood into his face. But while avarice and perfidy are in the by-ways to his heart Christ is entering the city's gate. The antitype to this is one of the most realistic and beautiful of the scenes. Beneath oriental archways is a kindly throne. Asherous standing thrusts the proud Vasthi from him with one hand, while with the other he leads the lowly Esther to his side. It is a simple event in Bible history, but the Vasthi personifies Jerusalem and the Jews. As she was rejected by her Lord through unbelief, Jerusalem is lost by guilt, while lowly Christendom is raised in Paradise. The sad lamentation of the chorus over the guilty city, the oft-repeated line, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, awake," measures in beautiful strains the desolation of her sleep.

Though they turn against him the Master is good toward his wandering people, when in the desert the children of Israel received manna from heaven and they brought the wine cluster out of Canaan. Such are the two antitypes. Moses, a tall commanding figure, is surrounded by a multitude of men, women and children, each of whom has assumed some striking attitude. As in a picture they are motionless, even to the eyes. Many of them are kneeling, and they hold forth their aprons to catch the shower of dew. In the second the people have risen, and they look with wonder on the grape cluster that the spies are carrying. The two are symbolical of the bread and wine of the Last Supper, a scene which is now presented to us with the highest effect of dramatic power which Leonardo da Vinci could command. Christ in his garment of crimson and gray is seated in the centre; at his right are Peter and Judas, and John is upon the left. Christ breaks the bread after he has blessed it, and gives each one. He passes from mouth to mouth the cup of wine and then humbles himself, even before Judas, by washing the apostles' feet. Judas in thought seems far away from all that is passing until Christ seating himself again utters the prophecy of his betrayal, when with the rest he turns inquiringly toward him. For a moment they have assumed the positions of Leonardo's fresco, Judas and Peter questioning Christ, whose head is bowed. Thomas leaning toward the Saviour in wonder, Andrew pointing meaningly to Judas. The repeat finished Judas skulks away and the apostles journey onward with their master toward Gethsemane.

In the sixth scene Joseph is sold by his brethren for twenty pieces of silver, typical of Judas's betrayal, who in the action appears before the Sanhedrin, led thither by the money-changers. After debating and bargaining the sight of the thirty pieces provokes his greed. He greedily counts them, ringing each to test its value. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea protest and leave the hall, while Judas goes forth to seek for Jesus, who is praying on the Mount of Olivet.

To this act there are two types. Adam, with his foot upon a spade, earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and Job, in a broad

soldier's camp, leans toward Amasa to greet him with a kiss, while with his lowered right hand he takes his life. The parallel actions are Christ's agony in the Garden of Gethsemane and the kiss of Judas. Exhorting his disciples to watch, he prostrates himself three times in prayer, but the weary apostles sink into a deep slumber, from which they are aroused by the coming of Judas and the cohort of Longinus. Approaching Christ, Judas professes his hand and leaning kisses him on the cheek. Christ does not shrink from the embrace, but turning to the soldiers asks, "Whom seek ye?" and when they say, "one Jesus of Nazareth," with a submissive meekness that has grown more marked since the time he left Bethany, he gives himself into their hands.

After an hour's interval, for it is already mid-day, we return to our place. Looking out from our seats upon the mountains we can see great clouds gathering about their tops. Rolling down toward the valley they threaten to drench us with rain. But the play continues, and we take up the thread of the narrative where the ill-treatment and suffering of Christ began. A tableau shows us Micaiah struck before King Ahab by Zedekiah, his prophet, because he told the truth, while in the ensuing action Jesus is smitten before the high priest. While the chorus is still singing of "dark Gethsemane" the rain begins to fall, and after Christ has been led before Annas and has been silent to his questions until asked, "Art thou the Christ?" a thundercloud bursts over us. The peasants put up their umbrellas for shelter, and others with their caps beat them down. There is for a moment danger of disturbance in the audience, but the curtain drops and the people quietly take their seats. From then until the end a drizzling rain fall, and the people sit uncovered through it all. When the curtain rose again we first saw Naboth crouching on the ground. About him a rough crew were gathering stones and hurling them at the inoffensive victim. In another picture Job is spurned by his wife and friends and sits forlorn upon a distant heap of stones. Christ, who in the preceding scene had been led up to the balcony of Annas's house, is now taken bound before Caiaphas. Peter and John cross the stage, following meekly after him, and enter the scene from the side, where soldiers are warming themselves about some burning sticks. It is the courtyard of the high priest's palace, and while they wait about among the soldiers Peter is accused of his love for Christ. Endeavoring to look astonished he is confused; suddenly he entertains a bold resolution and denies that he knows any such man. It is only at the third crowing of the cock and when Christ enters with his jailors into the court that Peter recalls his words at the supper table. Stung with remorse he shrugs his head and seeks refuge in the solitary streets. But Christ, who has been condemned before the council, is blindfolded by the soldiers and seated upon a stool. They buffet him with their hands, asking mockingly, "Who was it that smote thee?" and they throw him to the ground. After he has been brutally led off, the scene changes again to the Sanhedrin, which Judas enters impatient but remorseful. For a moment he is dignified and addresses the high priests. He is blinded at first by avarice, but now his avarice is blotted out by shame and anger. To each one of the barterers he addresses a furious invective; he hurls the money-bag at the high priest and rushes forth, not knowing whither he goes. As Cain fled from the haunts of men and became an outcast, Judas in his passion scene has sought a lonely place. He is stung by his mad conscience and brings the evil element to a climax in his wretched suicide. For a moment our thoughts turn to the old Grecian stage, to the chorus in Euripides that sings of restless Iphigeneia to the gaily, and Prometheus chained to the rock, as now the choir tells of "raging Judas" and the "fettered Christ."

The next tableau is from the book of Daniel, where the prophet, because he prayed to God, is condemned to the den of lions. Another represents the Samson Agonistes of Milton, the blind man in the hands of the Philistines. The applications of the types are Christ's innocent condemnation by the people, as Daniel was condemned by the princes, and his powerlessness in the hands of Herod. In the scene which follows, Pilate, dressed in the gorgeous mail of a Roman officer, comes forth upon his balcony. The people below are crying with the priests and money-changers for the death of Christ; but Pilate questions him publicly and alone, satisfies himself of his innocence, but learns that he is from Nazareth and sends him to Herod. Herod, however, is superstitious, asks Jesus to interpret the dream he has had, to work a miracle, and unable to satisfy his curiosity, yet fearing the man, he sends him back to Pilate. To satisfy the angry people Pilate suffers him to be scourged. The antitype to this scene is found in the bearing to Jacob of Joseph's coat stained with blood. As the curtain then rises to the thirteenth scene we hear the strokes of the lash. Christ in the centre is bound to a pillar. His robe has been taken from him, and the blood flows from his wounds. Like Titian's Ecce Homo of the Louvre he is silent, but his face is marked with pain and anguish. And now they lift a hideous crown of thorns, and planting it on his forehead, cross two bending sticks above his head and force the crown still tighter. In his hand they place a reed, and about his shoulders they hang the scarlet robe, calling him their king. The audience are breathless and excited, for it seems like actual suffering he is bearing. Thus the jeering soldiers lead him forth to seek his cross and follow-condemned.

Two pictures here refer to the death of Christ by the cross, and then three more follow forecasting the toils of *Vie Eternelle*. Joseph, gorgeously arrayed, rides in the chariot of Pharaoh—a reference to the spiritual ride of Christ. A second picture shows him kneeling before the altar; a third the goat for the people's sins, and the other goat escapes into the wilderness—typical of the sacrifice of Christ and release of Barabbas. In the third scene Jesus is led to Calvary to prepare his funeral altar, as Christ bore his cross upon Calvary. In the fourth and fifth the children of Israel are stung by vipers, and Moses lifts the brazen serpent on a cross toward which the people look and are healed as mankind is healed of sin through the Saviour.

The tableaux, however, have lost their impressiveness by the realism of these ending scenes. While the chorus in the fourteenth act is still on the stage, the voices of a multitude are heard to sing within, "Barabbas for us! Barabbas for us!" in a striking, and phone makes answer, "No, Jesus be from fathers free." Singing amid the dirge over the fate of Jerusalem they disappear, and the populace comes streaming through the by-roads to

Pilate's Palace. Pilate has sent for Barabbas, an ugly, little, weathered form, clad in a pig-ironer's garment—and, placing him by the side of the Galilean, he thinks the contrast between the divine and the sinful man will strike the people, and save the innocent man. But they cry for the release of Barabbas, and at the name of Jesus shout, "Crucify him! To the cross!"

By their victim they disappear through the city streets, but soon a great multitude appears and slowly winds out upon the open stage. When in the first scene they entered they were casting branches in the way of the man of God, but now between two thieves Christ hangs beneath the weight of a heavy cross. His brow is streaming with blood and when before us he falls upon his knees exhausted one of the busy executioners at his side, seeing Simon of Cyrene, who is idling near, seizes him and makes him carry the load. The Virgin Mary and the Magdalen with St. John are following the cross, and the Roman cohort in their gleaming armor, followed by their captain upon a horse, and a fanatic populace, push on toward Calvary.

But before we see the final act of the tragedy the chorus, dressed in black mantles and white robes, chants the *Te Deum*. Christ hangs beneath the cross, and the executioners raise the thieves bound to their crosses from the ground. The last strokes of the hammer are heard on his piercing head, and the thieves lift the greater cross and place it on their heavy burden. And then comes Mary Magdalen, who weeps at the foot of it, and the Virgin Mary, whose head and hands are bowed with grief and whose foot falters as she nears the spot. Jesus casts his eyes upon her and the beloved John. He speaks with the thief at his side, and lifting his eyes a soft voice from the depth of his heart utters the last syllables "Ei est volu-brat."—"It is finished." His head falls upon his side, and amid deathlike silence and painful reality his spirit seems to have taken flight. Now Joseph of Arimathea comes with permission to bury the dead, and the soldiers who have been casting lots for his raiment thrust a spear into his side, and a stream of blood and blood streams down. And when they have departed, the descent, as Rubens has pictured it in the Antwerp Cathedral takes place. Joseph of Arimathea, a tall, spare, old man, with a long white beard, and a white hair, lifts the thorny crown from Jesus' head, and with a wrench pulls out the heavy nails and lets them fall upon the ground. Nicodemus, on a ladder behind him, passes a long linen cloth about his breast and over the face of the cross and receives the lifeless body upon his shoulders. It is then placed in a winding-sheet, and carried by the bear him to the rock-hewn tomb, whence in later scenes Christ bursts the heavy gate and in a glorious light vanishes before the watch.

The scenes of every action, even to the drawing of the nails, is now disclosed by the glad halloahs of the chorus. They sing of Christ risen and the life after death, and an inferior tableau of Palestine shows the play of the Passion. It is one of the most curious of existing relics, folk who really believe in the events of the past, and who with an imaginative mind with its high idealism cannot be checked nor a practical one driven to harsh criticism. It seemed to me to be filled from end to end, not with the conception of Annamergau of necessity, but of the mystery of the Passion, Leonardo's Last Supper and Rubens's Descent from the Cross were far from being the only scenes that entered into the play. The costumes of the Dore Bible to the vigorous action and sublime conception of Tintoretto's large "Crucifixion," it seemed like the passing and receding before our eyes of well-known forms and faces.

A Cleveland lawyer defending a handsome young lady charged with larceny, closed his appeal to the jury thus: "Gentlemen! you may hang the ocean on a grapevine to dry, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin to the mouth of a volcano, skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon, throw salt on the tail of our noble American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of the nation; paste 'For rent' on the moon and stars; but never for a moment delude yourselves with the idea that this charming girl is guilty of the charge preferred against her." The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

Diocese of North Carolina.

BISHOP LYMAN'S APPOINTMENTS.
Sunday, June 20, Scotland Neck—Ordination.
Sunday, June 22, Gaston.
Wednesday, June 23, Ridgeway.
Thursday, June 24, Warrent

